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April, 1927

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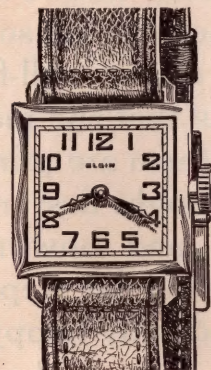


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THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

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Justification

I have lived too sheltered a life,
Here, in a valley,
With the safe blue
Of the hills
Always sturdy
Standing against the tenderness
Of New England skies.
I would go out,
Away
Over the farthest ridge.

But I can never go at night.
The hills are black then,
The hills are high then,
And they would never let me go.

And in the daytime
How can I go,
And leave the beauty,
And the tenderness,
The blue skies,
The blue hills,
And the blue calmness
Of a valley?

Oh, I have lived too sheltered a life!

M. H. Bastow



Marks

MARKING systems have been under a heavy fire of late. Many educational Messiahs have arisen to advocate the complete abolition of marks, claiming that the true ideal of education is being perverted, and that the pursuit of knowledge is being reduced to a materialistic basis. These arguments are robbed of much force by the complete lack of anything to replace the present system. It seems much more logical to retain that system while striving to improve it.

The system in use at Pittsfield High School has been improved from time to time so that at present it is thoroughly modern and quite efficient. The marks are issued at the end of each marking period of ten weeks, and the final marks, or those which are issued in February and June, wipe out the preceding reports, thus minimizing the danger of a blot on an otherwise good record thru a slight lapse into carelessness.

The reports which have just appeared do not govern promotion. They are plainly and simply a demonstration of progress in one direction or another. The June reports will take precedence over them, and will supercede them. So for those who have the will to work, there is still time to bolster up a poor mark or to turn a failure into a success.

Some day perhaps a Utopian plan will be worked out to solve the problem of marks. Until then, earnest effort and determined drive will form acceptable substitutes. Marks are to be conquered, not by theories, but by work.

J. H. Walker

Bursting Into Print

PERHAPS it will seem peculiar to some of you who are eagerly reading this magazine that I should write about the club which is in a large part responsible for it. But often I have heard students say when one mentions the Pen Club, "Oh, so much work is connected with that club." It must be acknowledged that it is an enormous task to publish a paper, but a great deal of knowledge and pleasure is a fitting reward for participating in such work.

Every Friday morning during the "A" period, the members of this club assemble in room twelve. In different sections of the room are the various departments. Some are correcting material or making it suitable for the printer, while others are trying their skill in literary pursuits. The staff artists are preparing their new cuts; the exchange department is mailing out copies of *The Pen*. The room is like a bee hive, full of noise and activity. This does not mean that all the articles which appear in *The Pen* are the products of the editors, for

this paper is the students' and all contributions are welcome. I should like to say to those who feel they would like to write, if your articles are rejected do not be so discouraged as to think you are a failure, but try, try again. *The Pen* staff is always looking for material. We want our magazine to be truly representative of our school, and this it cannot be unless you help to make it so. If you feel the creative urge, do cultivate it; write up your ideas and send them in.

Rosemary Gannon '28

"Things I Like to Do"

JUST now, when spring is drawing near, I think of all the things I have been wanting to do for ever so long. I can hardly wait for the weather to be warm enough so that I can begin. Doesn't it sound odd—and I'm sure no one would ever suspect me of anything like this but the things I want to do most are—to pick violets and, later on, to pick strawberries. You may understand the part about the violets, but no one ever understands about the strawberries. I never tell any one about them any more. Whenever I have, I have been laughed at and told that I was crazy.

The violets are somehow, different. They belong to the first warm days and cool evenings of spring. It is much more fun to go for them in the evening, just before the sun goes down. Long before you reach home, the frogs have begun to "sing". I say "sing" although I suppose a musician would question that word. These particular violets that I want to pick are so large that they don't seem at all like the ordinary flowers. They are dark purple with long, light green stems, which must be handled very carefully or else they will snap and the beauty of the whole flower will be destroyed. They really have no fragrance, as most people believe, but have what I call a "springy" odor.

But now for the strawberries! Last year they ripened very late and I had to wait a long time before I could pick them. These berries are wild, you understand. There's no fun in picking garden berries!

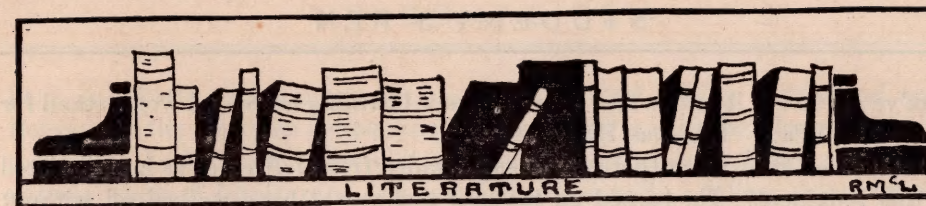
I don't care particularly where they are, but they mustn't be too far away, for I must always go alone. No one will go with me when it's "ninety in the shade." When I take my big hat and my tin pail, I'm never expected home again, but the sun hasn't blighted me yet, and, generally, I bring the pail home full.

Now, you will say, comes the best part; I will eat them. But, no! That's just what I don't do. Anyone else can eat them who wants to. Of course, I don't say I never eat any, for I do sometimes. The fun is all "in the picking." If you don't believe me, try this spring, about the last of May to find some violets like mine. Try to find some strawberries in June! If you pick some (of either) and find that you don't like this pastime, why, just send for me. I'll finish your job for you, and enjoy it.

Lucie G. Pritchard '27

Latin

Latin is a language;
At least, it used to be.
It made wrecks of all the Romans
And now it's wrecking me.—Sidney Smith



Brotherly Love

THE Carter household had been slumbering for several hours and to all outward appearances was due to continue so for the rest of the night. All the windows were dark, every door was tightly closed, the cat had been thrown out long before, and Jeffry Carter was sleeping peacefully.

The last statement probably suggests something out of the ordinary to the reader and it does need explanation for the enlightenment of those who intend to peruse this story.

Jeffry was afflicted with that dread malady known as somnambulism, or sleepwalking, and although he had never come to any harm in his nocturnal meanderings, he caused the rest of the family to be on nerves edge for his—and their—safety. He would rise silently in the middle of the night, don his clothes and prow about the house or adjacent grounds much in the fashion of a person bent on nefarious work. After an hour or so of such vagrancy he would return to his room and get into bed quietly, except on such occasions as when he would upset some misplaced article of furniture. The next morning, if anyone questioned him about his wanderings he invariably was ignorant of all his actions of the night before.

This habit of Jeffry's, his brother Harvey informed him one day, was too annoying to be continued. No one wanted to be startled out of his sleep by the crash of a chair going to the floor, or the bang of an open door as the wind slammed it. Such an interruption of peaceful slumber was likely to cause heart failure or results as disastrous. Besides he, Harvey, couldn't be continually getting out of bed in the middle of the night to go search for a half-wit that couldn't keep his mind and feet in the same place.

"But my dear brother," Jeff replied, "is it my fault if I am sick?" There was a gleam of fun in his eyes. "Instead of berating me in this manner you should be willing to suffer in silence and with compassion for a very dear relation who is afflicted with an incurable disease. You would innoble yourself by becoming a martyr to the cause and waiting on me patiently."

Harvey looked at him dubiously a few moments and then made up his mind.

"Say, young fellow, this is no matter to joke about." Harvey was four years older than his brother and by virtue of being a married man considered himself capable of being Jeff's keeper.

"Your midnight perambulations are dangerous not only to yourself, but to us also. You have no control over your actions when in such a condition and no one knows what your 'subconscious mind', as you are pleased to call it, might direct you to do. Furthermore, when you go outside the house the doors left wide open, which is as much as an invitation to any thief that might happen along.

You've got to cut it out or find yourself a new boarding house. I won't stand for it nor will Ella." Ella was Harvey's wife.

The well-known 'brotherly love' smirk faded from Jeff's face as he submitted to this judgment. He turned on his heel and would have walked off without replying, had not Harvey's, "Well, what about it?" required an answer of him. Evidently the matter now weighed heavily on the younger fellow's mind, for looking back over his shoulder he said rather lifelessly,

"Give me two weeks in which to improve. If one of us isn't cured by then, I'll leave voluntarily."

And with this enigmatical reply he stalked away, apparently thinking deeply. Harvey looked after him quizzically, shook his head, and went into the house.

Ten days of the allotted two weeks had passed and no unusual developments had occurred. During this time Jeff had not walked in his sleep once, to the knowledge of the other two members of the household. However, this in itself was not surprising as there were often periods of a fortnight or more when his affliction would not assert itself. And this night had promised to pass quietly enough, but fate had decreed otherwise.

Almost out of nowhere a figure, which was no more than a blot in the darkness, appeared in the hallway. It moved slowly and silently across the hall, into the parlor, and there hesitated a moment. Now, in the dim and diffused rays of light coming through the window from the street lamp, it was possible to make out the form of a man, but his features and clothing were not distinguishable. The prowler turned his head as if listening, and, apparently satisfied, moved cautiously to the arch between the parlor and dining room. Here he stopped again, this time as if in indecision. After what appeared to be a short mental debate, he stealthily started forward. Suddenly his foot caught on some obstacle, and in attempting to keep himself from falling, his outstretched hand knocked an ash tray off the table and onto the floor, where it landed with a thud. The heretofore silent marauder regained his balance with difficulty, but did not attempt any further move immediately. The ash tray, in falling, had not made a great deal of noise, and it was possible that no one in the house had been awakened. He stood perfectly still, waiting for any sound that might apprise him of the intentions of aroused sleepers. No alarm was forthcoming, however, and after a space of perhaps five minutes he proceeded through the blackness with much caution. Across the dining room, into the kitchen; across the kitchen, and he paused before an object which bulked away from the wall. Stooping over he fumbled uncertainly for a few moments, then with a dissatisfied grunt stood upright again.

It was now apparent that the invader was a thief. What he was after was not so plain. Inky gloom almost cloaked his movements and surroundings. He turned now and retraced his course across the kitchen, but at the dining-room door calamity overtook him. He ran into something bulky, and evidently, from its shape, human. Immediately he lashed out with both fists in quick succession but, owing to the darkness, failed to land an incapacitating blow. There was a grunt from the opposition and he also went into action. The struggle waxed hot and furious. The combatants came to close grips, crashed to the floor; and rolled

back and forth with much grunting, wheezing, and flailing of feet and arms. Because of the darkness neither could have landed a deciding blow except with the aid of Lady Luck. The best portion of their smashes found the floor or various pieces of furniture as receivers but occasionally a telling swing, found a human mark. Back and forth across the dining room they thrashed, while from the upper regions of the house came a sudden series of yells and screeches which, if listened to carefully enough, would have resolved themselves to an auditor as pleas for mercy, supplications for police aid, and accusations of robbery and murder. Of a sudden there was a thud, a grunt, and a long, rasping whistle very similar to the exhaust of a steam engine when it has completed giving off its supply of energy. One of the brawlers was evidently hors-de-combat. The other rose unsteadily to his feet, staggered across the room, and pressed the electric light switch. There against the wall was Jeffry Carter, and sitting on the floor, holding his head between his hands, was—Harvey Carter. Their subsequent actions were almost simultaneous. They looked at each other, rubbed their eyes, and looked again, this time intently. Harvey was the first to speak.

"Well, of all the confounded, mulefaced, harebrained fools I ever ran across, you take the cake."

The adjectives quoted are not the exact words he used; but it is better to avoid painful reference to them. Jeffry had not recovered fully enough to talk coherently, but did manage to say,

"Well, I'll be —."

"Yes, and you ought to be." And for the next five minutes Jeffry listened to the most forceful and impassioned speech he had ever had occasion to hear. His brother told him that this was the last outrage he would stand for in his own home; that there was not a more feeble-minded person than he, Jeffry, alive; that there would be no further arbitration of the matter; that brother or no brother he would not have him around the house any longer; and that he had better get out before he, Harvey, regained enough muscular strength to throw him out.

Jeffry broke in on this tirade,

"Whoa boy, whoa. I think there are some explanations about due."

Harvey consigned all explanations to a very hot and sulphurous region and started off on another tack. He was again interrupted by his brother, who was now determined to be heard.

"It wasn't all my fault that this thing happened. I was hungry and came down to get a bite to eat from the ice box. When I knocked that ash tray off the table I heard no one move and thought that no one had been awakened. Then you come prowling around like a thief in the night. Wasn't it natural for me to think that you were a housebreaker?"

The retort was quick and sharp.

"Trying to deny you were sleepwalking? Trying to lie out of it? Why didn't you put on the lights instead of prowling around in the dark, if you were awake?"

"I didn't want to disturb your beauty sleep. That's why I left the house dark. If I'd turned on the lights, you'd have come rushing down here to take your poor, little brother to bed. Furthermore, I'm cured of my sleepwalking. I was

going to tell you tomorrow. If you don't believe me ask Doc as soon as you get the chance."

Harvey sat up at the last statement and asked,

"Say, do you really mean that?"

"I told you to ask Doc. You don't have to take my word for it."

Harvey gave vent to sound very similar to that which would be made by a frog with a bad cold, but said nothing in direct reply. Slowly he rose to his feet, looked around him rather sheepishly, and then gazing straight at his brother said,

"Gosh kid, I'm glad of that."

Kenneth Roberts '27

"Maggy"

(Synopsis of preceding installment)

"Maggy" is the story of Margaret Conant, a poor girl with high ideas, ambitious to enter the smart set, and a seemingly hard-boiled, but nevertheless kind-hearted, mother. Maggy, as Mrs. Conant insists on calling her, has just come home from a party at the home of a wealthy girl-friend. The guests have snubbed her, and she returns very much disappointed. Before dropping off to sleep, Maggy resolves to give a party that will show her rich "friends" what she can do.

IT was four o'clock of a Tuesday afternoon, two weeks after Helene's party. The Conant household was in great confusion, for that night Margaret was giving a party. The furniture in the parlor had been moved against the walls, so as to leave room for dancing, and several leaves had been added to the dining room table. As the Conants owned only six dining room chairs, plus a few others taken from the bedroom, it had been necessary to borrow the Connaughty's six. This fact was rather a thorn in Margaret's side, for it involved inviting Mary, but for the sake of having a successful party, Margaret had risked having the girl, altho she felt sure she would make some awful blunder. Mary was so middle-class!

The chandeliers had been decorated with green and white paper, for it was near St. Patrick's Day; Mrs. Conant had insisted upon tying green bows on the legs of the chairs, maintaining that it made the room look "real cheery." Her daughter had secretly shed a few tears over this, but had consoled herself with the fact that they were to have a special-made cake from Sandrow's, and a whole gallon of ice cream. Margaret had wheedled her mother, who was somewhat buxom, into buying a white linen dress especially for the occasion, a garment which Margaret considered the height of refinement. Young Jimmy had joyfully agreed to go over and spend the night with his chum, Pete, and Pa, after much wrangling, had consented to stay at the Smokers' Club until eleven-thirty, at which hour, he made it plain he would be home, and "didn't care a darn if they did see him."

Margaret took a last glance around the parlor and dining room. Not bad, she thought, even tho she did have to shut her eyes to the bows on the chairs. Well—they wouldn't find much to laugh at. Subconsciously, Margaret hoped that Mary wouldn't wear that dreadful blue, "Sunday-go-to-meetin'," dress. She, herself, was going to wear the old green silk, which had been sent to the cleaners and came back as good as new. With a little sigh of resignation, Margaret sallied forth into the kitchen to make the lettuce sandwiches.

Several hours later, Margaret Conant fairly ran to the door to answer the first ring. It was Mary Connaughty, of course. Mary was just the kind who would be the first one at a party. And she had on the blue dress. But Mary failed to notice the slightly digusted frown that her hostess bestowed upon her, so joyful was she at being invited to a party, especially to Mrs. Conant's, whose culinary talents and upright piano were the envy of the neighborhood.

"Oh, Maggy,"—Mary always said Maggy. "The house looks perfectly beautiful! Where's your mother? Ma wants me to get the recipe for fried doughnuts from her."

"Mother is upstairs. Can't you wait until morning, Mary?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose I can. But Ma thought I might as well get it while I'm over here."

"Get what, Mary?" inquired Mrs. Conant, who just then came down the stairs.

Oh, good evening, Mrs. Conant! Ma wanted to know if you'd give her your doughnut recipe. She wants to make a batch tomorrow."

"Why, sure, Mary. Come out in the kitchen and I'll give it to you." And the two left Margaret standing in the hall. Of all the nerve! Ma certainly was thoughtless! Margaret went into the parlor and sat down to await the arrival of the real guests.

The clock struck eight and eight-thirty, and no one had yet arrived. What could have happened? Of course Margaret knew that it was fashionable to be late, but still,—someone should have arrived by now. Mary came into the parlor and began to chat about her baby brother, who had just begun his struggle with the English language. Margaret caught about every eighth word, her eyes roving to and fro in nervous manner. Finally, it was nine o'clock, and still no one had arrived. Margaret was very near tears. She began to understand. Her invitations had been accepted, but even at the same moment, the person accepting had had no intention of coming. Ma had been right. She wasn't their kind. Well, she'd learned her lesson. But what about the delicious cake waiting in the pantry? And the whole gallon of ice cream? Ma broke in on her thoughts.

"Well, Maggy, I guess your high and mighty friends have changed their minds, if they ever made them up."

"Oh, Maggy, I'm so sorry," said good-hearted Mary. "You know, I never trusted that Helene Wrenn and those other girls. I don't think they ever intended to come here."

"No, I don't think so, either," said Margaret—regretfully. "But what'll we do with all the refreshments?"

"I know!" cried Mary. "Why not ask Doris, and Billy, and Gladys, and all the kids around here? Then you can have a party just the same. 'Cause when I told them that I was coming here, they were just green with envy, and wanted to know all about it. Do you want me to ask them for you?"

"All right, Mary," said Margaret dejectedly. "They might as well come."

So Mary Connaughty went tearing around the neighborhood, coming back a short time later with a goodly group of children all of whom were as merry and joyful as any boys and girls could possibly be.

And did they have a good time? Well, rather! Even Margaret, who had been depressed because of the slight by her intended guests, joined in the fun and really enjoyed herself.

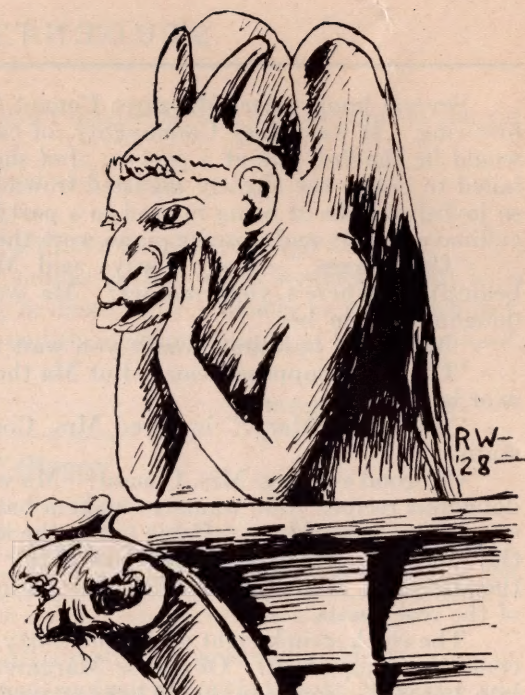
The guests stayed past eleven-thirty, and when Pa came in, they insisted that he join in the fun.

When the guests had finally gone, Margaret said happily to her mother,

"I guess it isn't the kind of house you live in and how much your father earns a week that counts, Ma. And I guess 'Maggy' is just as good a name as any."

Phyllis Lundy '28

Essays and Specials



A Passing Freight Train

A QUEER title isn't it? But it makes possible many of our everyday things. Afternoons while at work I often stop to watch the numerous freight trains that pass.

Take, for example, even a short train; first, because it concerns us, I see a huge transformer coming brand new from our own G. E., going, we know not where, to perpetuate the fame of this mighty company. Then may come a string of refrigerator cars bringing us provisions of many kinds. Now what have we? A long line of cars marked, "Michigan Central-Automobiles." Ah! Perhaps Henry Ford is sending some of his world-renowned product to places noted perhaps for some other famous product. What next? Why, petroleum, of course! Car upon car of gasoline or kerosene or crude oil, being sent to serve some useful purpose. Then coal cars both empty and full, then something unusual, chlorine gas tank car with its shining tanks full of powerful gas now being used for a humane purpose.

Then comes a sadder part of the rattling procession. Livestock cars filled with sheep and lambs terrified, but happily unknowing of their fate. It seems cruel perhaps, but this or anything else would not be life without something cruel or sad.

Imagine the distance some of these cars have traveled in serving us. Some are new and shining, ready, as it were, to start on their life's work for mankind; others, old and shaking, ready for the scrap heap.

Could not we in a way be compared with them? Here we are almost ready to start on our life's course knowing as yet little of the hardships of life. Others, old, are ready to retire from active service. Of course, there are some who have left the track and have wrecked themselves beyond repair. That should only serve to keep us straining onward until we reach our goal.

O! That we could travel as these freight cars do thruout these great states. They are real Americans, for their slogan is, "See America First".

William C. Bedford

Rupert Brooke

"He's gone.
I do not understand.
I only know that as he turned to go,
And waved his hand,
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone,
And I was dazzled by a sunset glow,
And he was gone."

(W. W. Gibson)

It is always hard for youth to die, and for Rupert Brooke it must have been doubly so. He loved life intimately, loved all the little things that make it worth the living. He shows us this in "The Great Lover" when he says:

"These I have loved,
White plates, and cups, clean gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines, feathery-faery dust;
Wet roofs beneath the lamplight.
Rainbows, and the blue-bitter smoke of wood."

And so on, thru thirty lines of exquisite poetry, in which he gives the dear names of the dearer things he has found good.

In "Sleeping Out: Full Moon" we have youth wondering, seeking. And above it all is the mystic symbol of the "one white flame", and thru it all an intense love of earth, and earthy things.

Then there is the sequence where youth is disillusioned, almost cynical. I think I have never read anything so dramatically real and living or so truthfully bitter as "The Voice." The young poet thought he had almost found "in the silence, the hidden key of all that had hurt and troubled me; of why you were you, and the night was kind, and woods were part of the heart of me." Then she had come, and her "clear flat voice mouthed cheerful, clear, flat platitudes," and the spell was broken, and he wished that she were dead.

Again he is like a grown up boy, with a new and clever trick. He writes "Dawn" and "A Channel Passage", and because we love him, and know that such things only prove his humanness, we read, and smile.

Critics say that Rupert Brooke had reached the height of his achievement, that he could have written more, but not better. They offer as proof of this the war sonnets. And surely they are right. For if Rupert Brooke could have written greater things, he would have been more than great. The catastrophe of war matured the youth, and out of his maturity he conceived his 1914 sonnets. He puts aside his youthfulness. Love of England conquers over love of life, and we hear him saying bravely, gallantly, lovingly:

"If I should die, think only this of me,
That there's some corner of a foreign field,
That is forever England."

He keeps the little things dimly beautiful on the horizon and goes unfaltering, for "The worst friend and enemy is but death".

He wrote a tribute to his comrades dead, and the world fittingly echoes it for him.

"He leaves a white,
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night."

M. H. Bastow, P. G.

Trout Fishing

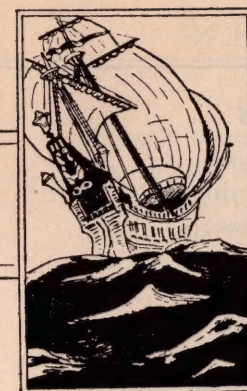
TROUT fishing is an art and one which can give more real sport, thrills, and fun than any other kind of fishing is able to do, for there is a secret knack one must have—but then, this is not to be an article on "How to Catch Trout." My inability as a trout fisherman prevents that.

When the first of April comes around and most people are pondering over new Easter bonnets and April-fool jokes, the fisherman begins to get out his tackle and waits impatiently until the trout season opens. On the first day of the season and, in fact on every day after that, one is bound to meet numerous brown or khaki-clad men, their legs encased in huge hip boots, their shoulders bearing the fishing baskets one knows are full of speckled trout.

As for me, I fish for trout merely for the sake of fishing—not of catching. Some will say—"Ah, that's because she never catches anything!" Perhaps they are right after all. Four things I must have, however, to enjoy my fishing to the utmost: a pole that is not too long so that it can be carried through the bushes with some degree of ease; rubber hip boots, that I may splash through the swampy meadows to my heart's delight with no fear of getting a cold as a result; a very noisy, tumbly brook; and, last but not least, I must have solitude. Then, there is no one to laugh at the way I bait my hook; the awkward way I crash through the brush thus dispelling all chances of catching one of the wary fish, anyway; or the disgusting habit my line has of getting tangled into mazes from which it is almost impossible to extricate it. Even the dog that is such a good companion on a ski-ramble or pussy willow hunt is left at home while I pursue the gentle art of angling.

To hear the happy gurgling of the brook as it laughingly tumbles down its course; the soft plish as the hook and bait disappear into it; to feel the thrill of a bite, which sends little electric shocks up the pole to one's hand; to experience the ecstasy of landing a genuine beauty—all are joys of the fisherman, joys which make him feel that there isn't anything quite so wonderful as living out of doors in the springtime. And, though I inevitably come home with my basket quite empty, I still think that trout-fishing is the best fun there is in April and, perhaps some time, my basket will hold some trout. Who knows?

Anna M. Coleman, P. G.



POETRY

Cooperation

There always is some grumbling,
Amongst us girls and boys,
And the teachers keep a naggin'
At the Johns an' Janes an' Roys.

But who likes to hear an elder
Boast, "I never would do that!"
When all the time we're knowin'
That they're talkin' thru their hat.

It may be years and years ago,
Our teachers were in school,
But don't you let them tell you,
That they never broke a rule.

They were just as wise and frisky,
As they say we are—today;
Still they weren't so wild and risky,
Nor for mischief did they pay.

So, teachers, come! and be good sports,
You'll find us true to you
If you'll not condemn us cruelly
For the gum and stuff we chew.

We're really not so wicked
When you seat us all in rows,
And if you win our favor
We'll be budding Ciceros.

So, let's indulge, as teachers say
In something that's worth while
And decide upon this motto,

"Cooperate and Smile."

Marjorie L. Condron '27

Spring Blossoms

You dot our fields and meadows
At the first glad signs of spring;
You bring us joy and happiness,
That only flow'rs can bring.

I love to see you waver,
As the cool winds fan your face;
And I think of how I'd miss you,
And your beauty and your grace.

I love the many colors—
All Mother Nature's best—
And I love the dainty fragrance
That's nestled in your breast.

You close your eyes as shadows
Swift pursue the twilight grey,
And you open them when dawning
Bids you greet another day.

Elizabeth Kelly

A School Girl's Infatuation

My dear—he's divine!
Such nice colored hair,
My heart most surely is fated.
So tall—so gallant—
Such adorable eyes—
And quite sophisticated.
Athletic—I think,
Dances—I hope,
When he looked my way
I—nearly—fainted!
Isn't he romantic?
Just like John Gilbert!
And the cutest little smile,
You'll have to admit—
Now own up to it—
He has others beaten a mile.

The ending's quite lame,
It's really a shame,
But—I don't know his name.

Virginia H. Sclater

Sea Pictures

A sapphire sea,
An emerald isle,
A turquoise arch above the while;
And on the billows lazy swell
A fairy boat of pearly shell.

A curtain of the darkest jet,
Caught back with stars—with diamonds set—
The sea a smoothly silvered floor
Where fairies revel score on score.

Another sky of ruby red
To frame the smiling face of dawn
Whose mist-draped arms are widely spread
In soft awakening o'er her head.

And then the cycle whirls around;
The sapphire sea with turquoise crowned,
The emerald isle, and on the swell
The fairy boat of pearly shell.

Dorothy Lamar '29

The Village Clock

For years and years the old clock stood
In the same old place,
High in the village church-spire,
With its rusty hands and face.

For years and years the villagers
Had heard it toll each hour,
Had seen and watched the same old clock
In its setting in the tower.

At last, one day, the old clock stopped
Its work had long been done,
And an empty place was left behind
In the heart of everyone.

Its life was one of service
Of service to the town
And everyone wanted the old clock back
When it was taken down.

I want to be like this village clock,
And serve my fellow men
So when I'm called to go away
They'll want me back again.

V. Victoreen '29



Christine of the Young Heart

CHISTINE of the Young Heart", written by Louise Breitenbach Clancy, is a very amusing and interesting novel.

Christine Trevor, the heroine of the story, is the daughter of a well-to-do family. She is one of those care-free girls who are always looking for a good time. She never seems very much attached to her father or any member of the household; in fact, she seldom sees her father more than once a week. His sudden death brings a great change upon the Trevor family, for with it comes poverty. It is all brought about by unfortunate investments, an over confident endorsement, and, above all, a thunderclap of a bank failure. This catastrophe is very annoying for Christine, for she is already preparing for a trip to South America with Cortland Van Ness, whom she is about to marry. But remembering a promise she had once made to her mother on her death bed, she decides not to go on the trip, thus postponing her wedding. Although it is much against her will, she consents to take care of her crippled brother and the young twins, Daffy and Dilly.

The incidents that follow prove most appealing. Chained to her country home, loathing housework, and hating poverty, Christine soon realizes what it is to be poor, but the frequent visits of Doctor Denton made it easier for her to bear her hardships.

The mystery of Joshua Barton, Christine's friendship with Fredericka Blue, and the breaking of her engagement, add much to the effectiveness of the story. You will find no dull passages in this book. It will hold your interest to the very last page. I should advise you to read it in any of your spare moments.

Beatrice Milette '27

Com'l

"The Dancing Floor"

by John Bucan

THIS is a story offering a most fascinating mystery, not one dealing with the usual horrible murders, clueless robberies, or unaccountable disappearances, in which the suave detective, with an extraordinary perception for ferreting out criminal motives, plays his part and unravels an almost impenetrable mystery. A perplexing incident is developed in such a way as to make an enjoyable tale, with an outstanding climax in the re-enacting of an old Grecian festival on the Island of Plakos.

While in England for a short time, Kore Arabin won the interests of many people of importance. She, though English, had been brought up on her father's estate on the little Grecian Island of Plakos. Peculiar events had been taking place on this island, events which could not be fathomed by Kore, nor by any of her friends to whom she imparted her story. Though advised to stay in England, she doggedly returned to her home, persisting in her effort to solve the impending mystery of the island. Several of her friends followed her to Plakos and it was through their joint efforts that a solution was finally reached.

The Greek festival was reacted, but with a far different conclusion than was expected by the natives of the island, and with one that added much more to the interest of the story.

The book offers enjoyment to its readers, not only in plot development but in characterization, for, although unusual for this type of a book, many interesting characters are encountered.

Barbara Ulrichsen '28

"The Charwoman's Shadow"

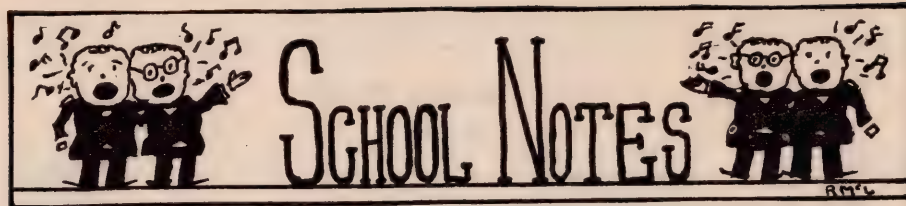
by Lord Dunsany

EVEN now, in the quiet of my room, I can hear the derisive laughter of friends who hear me say that I have been reading and reveling in a fairy story. But I do not care. I am enchanted by the spell of the great magician (Lord Dunsany) who has called before me the fantastic figures of this delightful drama, "The Charwoman's Shadow."

There is a real plot in the story, all about a youth who goes out to seek his fortune, loses his shadow, outwits the bad magician, and rescues the fair damsel. It is as thrilling as any mystery story, and it is real despite the fact that it is as whimsical a fairy tale as I have ever read, and "they lived happily ever after."

I advise everyone to read the book. If you are serious and solemn, let The Master be the Moor, and the Charwoman, the Spirit of Spain, and let the whole tale teach a lesson. If you are a cynic, read between the lines and find a glorious satire. But if you are, as I am, just a seeker after contentment, then read the words and let them weave their spells of bewildering excitement, and masked humor, and romantic splendor. Then, reading each word, you cannot fail to notice the hidden passages which are exquisite poetry, as lovely as the golden haze in which the sun of Spain goes down.

M. H. B., P. G.



Current Events Assembly

The current events assembly of March 15th was the first in several months which could be called strictly educational. An assembly of this nature might easily prove uninteresting, but the ability of the speakers held the interest of the students and made the affair a decided success. George Beebe acted as chairman, introducing the various speakers. Al Barris spoke on "Great Men", a topic which is always appropriate. Victor Minotti told of "Mussolini—the Man". All know that Mussolini and his Facisti are two of the most talked of subjects of the day. Katherine Bergstrom entertained us for a short time with "made-while-you-wait" cartoons, illustrating the relations, or lack of them, of our country with Mexico, Nicaragua, and China. She held the interest of the student body during the drawing of the cartoons, by telling jokes and anecdotes. Ed McLaughlin and Joe Hayes held an argumentative dialogue on the Nicaraguan situation, in which both speakers proved their exceptional ability in debate.

Wright Manvel

Rally for Drury-Pittsfield Game

On Tuesday, March 17th, an assembly was held by the Varsity Club, to arouse interest and school spirit for the Pittsfield-Drury game. Dave Dellert acted as chairman introducing the four speakers who had been selected for the program. The first speaker, Edwin McLaughlin, gave some "inside information" on the standing of the two teams, showing that P. H. S. could not win without support, which has often proved to be true. The next speaker, Joe Hayes, compared patriotism and school spirit. Oscar Rosenblum, who is cheer leader, spoke about the importance of cheering at the games. The fourth and last speaker, Samuel Duker, furnished a fine speech concerning "school spirit".

The speeches were followed by cheering and singing practice led by Oscar Rosenblum, assisted at the piano by Virginia Mitchell and Miss Day.

Evelyn C. Perry, Com'l.

Class Officers

Senior A—President, William Hetsler; Vice-president, Fred Chester; Secretary, Kenneth Roberts; Treasurer, Catherine Gregory; Class-adviser, Miss Morse.

Senior B—President, William Pomeroy; Vice-president, Warren Shepardson; Secretary, Beatrice Vary; Treasurer, John Curtis; Class-adviser, Mr. Rudman.

Junior A—President, Clayton Nesbit; Vice-president, Rosemary Gannon; Secretary, Pauline Hilberg; Treasurer, Louise Brewer; Class-adviser, Mr. Lucy.

Junior B—President, George Holderness; Vice-president, Samuel Duker; Secretary, Wright Manvel; Treasurer, Helene Barton; Class-adviser, Mr. Allen.

At the assembly held on Tuesday, April 5th, the main feature of the program was a talk by Major Stevens. The speaker, who was introduced by Mr. Strout, told of the many benefits of the citizens military training camps. His talk included an interesting account of his experiences during the war. He stressed the value of discipline and self-control, which are taught at Camp Devens as well as in the C. M. T. C. of this school.

Pro Merito Assembly

The high school orchestra, which has not participated in any of our assemblies of the past month, reappeared for the assembly April 7th, and opened the program with the popular selection "Yankee Rose". The speakers were introduced by Antonio Massimiano, who is the president of this chapter of Pro Merito. The first speaker, Mr. Ford of Commercial High, briefly summed up his speech in these words: "Learn to labor and to wait." Following this, Mr. Joseph Peirson presented an interesting talk on a similar topic. Mr. Strout presented the pupils with their hard-earned Pro Merito pins and congratulated them on their excellent work.

Pro Merito pins were awarded to the following pupils: Helen Carmel, Erma Chase, Mary Donna, Mary Flynn, Fiorino Germano, Jennie Hermanski, Hattie Hinckley, Antonio Massimiano, Dora Sacket, Elizabeth Schulze, Sybil Sexton, Gertrude Shepardson and Elaine Whitney.

V. Victoreen

Household Arts Department

Cold sliced ham

French fried potatoes

Rolls and hot chocolate

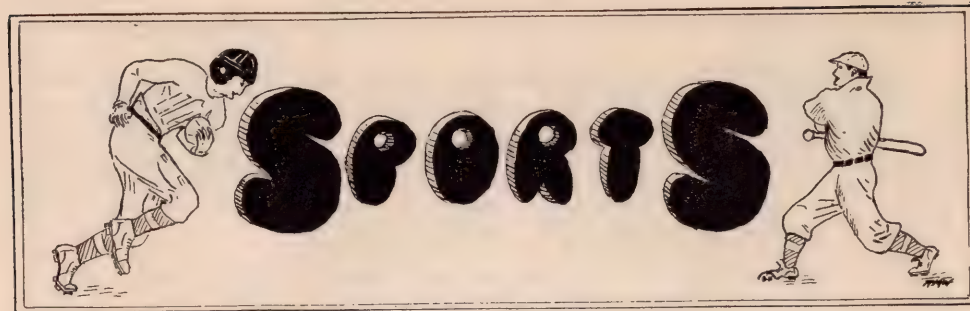
Apple pie and cheese

This is just a sample of the various luncheons that are being prepared twice each week by the senior cooking class. Two hostesses are appointed for each luncheon, and it is their privilege to invite two guests. Those persons who have honored us by their attendance at the luncheons are: Mr. Strout, Miss Erhart, Miss Gerett, Miss Lanou, Mrs. L. C. Talbot, Mrs. Mattoon, Miss Pfeiffer, Miss Power, Mrs. Ziegler and Mr. Russell.

Two waitresses and two cooks are appointed and they prepare and serve the luncheon. If a luncheon happens to come near a holiday, the tables are appropriately decorated. One series of luncheons has been completed and the girls are beginning the second series. The girls are planning a luncheon for the mothers, which will be given at the high school just before Mother's Day. The senior class will prepare and serve this luncheon.

In the sewing department some of the girls made their Easter clothes. Many of the girls made sport suits and it is certain that in the Easter Parade they were as attractive as any of the other costumes.

Betty Young



Pittsfield 11--Drury 23

The winning streak of Pittsfield High was halted when Drury turned back our team 23 to 11 in a league contest on March 1st at the Drury gymnasium before a large crowd. This victory for Drury meant a playoff with Pittsfield for the championship of the North Berkshire League.

Pittsfield was outclassed by Drury as the score indicates. During the entire first half Pittsfield succeeded in securing only one floor goal, "Mike" Foster getting that doublecounter, but in the second half, Bruno caged two nice shots which made the score look a little better. Although Coach Carmody tried three different combinations he could not wipe out Drury's lead, which increased steadily and rapidly. Foster and Bruno did the best work for Pittsfield, while Nassif starred for Drury.

M. James Carr

Springfield Tournament

P. H. S. 20--Easthampton 14

Drury 21--P. H. S. 19

P. H. S., by obtaining an early lead, was able to defeat Easthampton in their first game at the Springfield Tournament. The Easthampton five staged a rally in the third quarter, but the local boys held Easthampton to four floor goals, while P. H. S. registered nine doublecounters. "Flip" Bruno was the individual star, scoring eleven points, while Almstead, Foster, and Controy played well defensively. Capt. Skowronek and Potasky did the best work for Easthampton.

In their third encounter of the season Drury defeated P. H. S. 21-19, thus eliminating the local team from the tournament. P. H. S. had an off-night and registered but three floor goals. Both teams were trying hard for a win as they were to battle at Adams the following Saturday for the North Berkshire championship. Almstead and F. Froio did the best work for P. H. S., while Nassif and Washburn starred for Drury.

R. Burns '29

Lenox 26--P. H. S. 13

In their last game of the season Lenox defeated P. H. S. 26-13, March 15th at Lenox. Both teams, having been defeated in the Springfield tournament, were trying hard for a win, and despite the score, it was an interesting game throughout. Higgins and Butler starred for the home team while F. Froio did the best work for P. H. S. getting nine of the thirteen points.

R. Burns '29

City Championship Series

First Game

P. H. S. 12--St. Joseph's 25

There was great excitement in Pittsfield on the night of February 22nd, the main reason not being the fact that we were celebrating the birthday of our first president, but that Pittsfield and St. Joseph's high schools were to clash in the first game of their annual series. Had anyone walking down Summer St. that night paused to watch the crowds waiting to gain admission to the Armory, he would have been reminded of that crucial event in French history, the storming of the Bastille. Before either team had made its appearance on the floor every available seat in the hall had been taken.

The game began in a whirlwind fashion. Ted Dunn started the scoring by gathering the ball off the backboards after R. Boyd's shot and registering a floor goal. St. Joseph's continued its whirlwind attack and led Pittsfield at the end of the first half 16-4.

At the beginning of the second half Pittsfield High did its best work. After a half a minute of play, Bruno registered a doublecounter, Almstead then sank a free try and soon after dribbled through St. Joseph's defense and caged a nice shot. This rally was quelled when 'Eddie' Derivan added two more points to the purple and gold's score. When the whistle blew, the final score was 25-12 in favor of St. Joseph's.

The Pittsfield five played a nice game and made a good showing against such a team as St. Joseph's, the champions of Berkshire County.

John Condron

Second Game

P. H. S. 16--St. Joseph's 29

St. Joseph's High was proclaimed winner of the City series for the second consecutive year by defeating Pittsfield High at the Armory on the night of March 30th. Incidentally this game as well as the first was won by a margin of thirteen points. Although St. Joseph's won the game by a comfortable margin, the excitement was intense and the game was hard fought and interesting.

Pittsfield was first to score, Bruno getting a floor goal soon after the start of the contest. The next few minutes was a contest of foul shooting and at the end of the first quarter Pittsfield High led 4 to 3.

In the second quarter Derivan and Forrest sank free tries and St. Joe's went ahead to stay, the half ending in favor of the parochial school, 16 to 4.

Coach Carmody changed his lineup considerably at the opening of the second half, and although the P. H. S. team fought hard, St. Joseph's continued to pile up points. Bruno, however, gave the Pittsfield fans a thrill by making some nice shots.

Although P. H. S. lost the game, the team had the consolation of keeping Dunn from making a floor goal. This means a good deal as Dunn is considered the best player in the Berkshire County League—and no other team has prevented him from scoring.

John Condron

P. H. S. Loses the North Berkshire Title

The population of the town of Adams was greatly increased on the night of March 19th when students from Pittsfield and North Adams swarmed to that magnificent building, the Plunkett Junior High School, to cheer their respective teams to victory. It would take all the wisdom of Solomon to judge which student body made the more noise, but it is certain that the Pittsfield delegation did not have tonsillitis or any other throat trouble. Their throats were sore when the game was over, but the students themselves were more so because their team had lost a close and hard fought game, the final score being 7-6. Drury, after defeating Pittsfield at North Adams and Springfield by wide margins, intended to administer another severe drubbing to the Pittsfield team, but the P. H. S. quintet gave them the surprise of their lives and for three quarters Drury did not get a floor goal.

Both teams played a close guarding game the first half, shooting infrequently and forming an almost impregnable defense. Drury was first to score, Ashkar getting a point on a free try, and the quarter ended 1-0.

In the second quarter "Freeno" Froio made the first floor goal of the contest, a pretty shot which made the score 2-1. Ashkar tied the score again by sinking a free try, and the half ended 2-2.

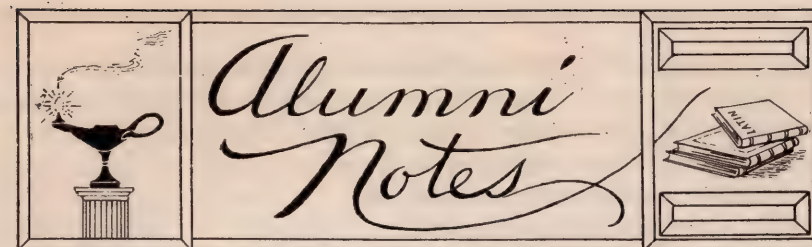
Starting the second half Controy made good on a free try and soon after F. Froio turned in a nice shot from the side of the court, giving Pittsfield the lead of the third quarter, 5-3.

At the beginning of the last quarter the trouble started. Washburn made good on a free try and Aucetta tied the score by getting Drury's first floor goal of the contest. With less than three minutes to play Nestor sank a long shot and Drury went ahead to stay. Controy completed the scoring by caging a foul, and when the whistle blew, the Drury five were champions by a one point margin.

The Debate

The Pittsfield High School Debating Club presented a debate, March 31st, which proved to be extremely interesting as well as educational. The chosen subject was a national question: "Resolved: That capital punishment should be abolished." Those representing the affirmative side were, Robert Crowley, Fred Schnider, and Samuel Duker. Those of the negative side were Hamilton McMillan, Joseph Hayes, and Edwin McLaughlin. Charles Wells acted as chairman. The arguments presented by both sides were exceedingly good, bringing out the many fine points and examples so frequently overlooked. The judges, Miss Morris, Miss Pfeiffer, and Mr. Strout found it very hard to choose the winners; however, their report was two to one in favor of the negative side. Much credit must be given Mr. Allen, who coached the boys and made their success possible. Mr. Strout expressed the feelings of the whole assembly by saying that the teams showed great excellence in the art of debating. The debate was the second of this term and the great improvement shown leads us to believe that Pittsfield High School will excel in debating as well as athletics.

Edith Volk '29



To the Alumni:

The following interesting letter was received from a freshman at one of the prominent colleges in Massachusetts. This letter, as well as the one which was printed in the March issue of this paper, was gratefully received. The Alumni Department hopes that more articles will be written in the future for the Alumni Notes. Don't wait to be asked, but send them in at any time.

"No, I'm going to cut my nine o'clock and sleep this morning. Miss R— is only going to rave about Livy's authenticity, as if I care whether it's true or not when I have to waste two perfectly good hours on it just the same and—What! there are waffles for breakfast and I've got a letter from New Haven in my box? You bet I'll get up; old Livy wins this time."

Such a scene as this might well be entitled "An Illustration of the College Girl's Motto—'Meals and Mail'".

Far be it from me, however, to insinuate that this is all that college means. Through its well equipped laboratories, its cultural courses, and its music hall, it offers privileges to many, from those scientifically inclined to their less practical sisters, and for the benefit of all doubting souls who read this, I assure you that there is a theme course required of Freshmen which produces writers successful in varying degrees, very varying you will agree.

Courses, when required, cause much difficulty, but the able linguist who is struggling in the Chemistry laboratory may console herself, with lamentable lack of charity perhaps, by the fact that her scientifically capable friend isn't doing very well in her language courses.

To use the already time-worn phrase, "All work and no play makes Jill a dull girl," and of course no college would assume responsibility for two thousand dull young women. Consequently, or if not consequently, at least providentially, there are a number of outside activities. Here again is evidenced the wide range found in the regular curriculum.

There are the Glee Club, Mandolin Club, and orchestra for those musically talented. Girls who would tell the world what is wrong with the League of Nations or other equally sacred institutions, find their opportunity in the Debating Club. Emulators of Sarah Bernhardt are given free run, if their talent warrants it, as members of the Dramatic Society. Nor is literary ability slighted, for such publications as the "Monthly" invite and welcome contributions from all students. (Doesn't this savor of the fourth period notices appealing for *Pen* material?).

In addition to these there are departmental clubs more closely affiliated with class work, in which membership is granted partly on the basis of scholarship. Among these are the German French, Mathematics, and History Clubs.

For those who do not wish to obtain their recreation in such a strenuous manner, the tea rooms are a decided attraction, and improvement here is judged by the student's ability to answer four questions of importance.

1. Who sells the best waffles in town?
2. Who provides the best steak dinner?
3. Who makes the best fudge cake?
4. What tea shop is most moderately priced?

Roller skating, rope jumping, and playing jacks round out a very full and efficient recreational program.

All discussions of college, serious or otherwise, inevitably leave one facing the question, "Is yours the college of your dreams?"

In all the rush and confusion which threatens, and all but engulfs the bewildered freshman, she wonders. When she faces her first midyears and everything seems against her, she wonders again, but in her calmer moments she realizes the wonder of it all, the friendships, the work, and the play, the joys and the disappointments, and she realizes that this *is* the college of her dreams with some of the glamour gone perhaps, but not lost, only compensated for by rich experience.

A College Freshman—P. H. S. '25

The following information concerning the Alumni of the Class of February, 1924 was compiled by Elizabeth White, a former editor of *The Student's Pen*.

Class of February, 1924

The class of February, 1924 has a class baby and he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Silvernail. William Irving, Jr. is now more than ten months old. His mother, Laura Van Benschoten Silvernail was a member of the June class, 1924, so Bill Junior has a double class baby duty to perform.

Bill Silvernail isn't the only "proud father," however. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Roth—better known as "Ive" Roth and Agnes Lanois—have a daughter.

A third member of the class is also married. In January Doris E. Acheson was married to Frank B. Lamb of Norwich, Conn., where they are now living.

Bob Acly and Dwight Root, whom we remember in connection with the 1924 Senior play, are both Williams students. "Roote" has continued his stage career and is now a member of Cap and Bells, the dramatic society at Williams. In their last production he was cast in a feminine part. Bob will be graduated in 1928.

Neill Bridges is now taking one of the leading parts in "Crime", playing at the Times Square Theatre in New York City. Before going to New York, Neill was with the Carroll Players in Holyoke and at the Proctor theatre in Troy, N. Y.

Lillian Carlisle is again working in Dr. R. W. Volk's office. She recently completed a course at the Forsyth Tufts school for dental hygienists.

"Chuck" Cushing has become one of the Bates college athletes. He was recently elected leader of the 1927 cross-country team.

Helen King is secretary to Mr. D. J. Gimlich in his real estate office.

Three members of the class are now working in local banking institutions. Pauline Wagner is in the Bookkeeping Department of the Agricultural National Bank; "Gin" May is in the Berkshire County Savings Bank; Charles Van Buskirk, better known as "Vannie", recently took a position in the Pittsfield National Bank.

Frank Bastow is the assistant designer at the Tillotson Manufacturing company.

Mary Beebe and Caroline Musgrove are now Juniors at Russell Sage College in Troy, N. Y. They are kept busy serving on committees for school socials.

Rose Frumkin is in her third year at the College of Practical Arts and Letters at Boston University. Rose is very active in the German club there and recently took part in a play given by the society for the benefit of a scholarship fund.

Trudel Pierce has the honor of being the first girl in this city to be awarded the Girl Scout Golden Eaglet badge.

Ruth Simmons recently received scholastic honors at Middlebury where she is now a Junior. Ruth is also a member of Alpha Xi Delta sorority.

"Al" Williams is taking a business course at the College of Business Administration at Boston University.

"Bob" Volk has been working in the Berkshire Hardware Company since he returned from the South where he spent one winter.

Helen Beattie is taking up kindergarten work in New York City. She will finish in June the second year of the three year course at the Froebel Kindergarten school.

Clifford Rice, the radio fan of the class, has gone into business with his father. Cliff is taking several courses at the Berkshire Business college.

Rose Cunningham is teaching in the grammar school in Cheshire.

Loretta Hebert will finish in June a three year course at Bridgewater Normal school.

Dorothy Baker is working in the Pittsfield Electric Company.

Frances Farrell has completed a two year course at The Elm in Chicopee. She is now working in the City Hall, though she expects to teach in the fall.

Jimmie Conroy is a Sophomore at Georgetown University.

Mary Conroy is employed at the General Electric Company.

Joe Garrity is associated with his father in his auto supply business.

Ruth Healy is working in the Traver Real Estate office.

Marguerite Dansereau and Lawrence Kimple are employed at the Berkshire Life Insurance Company.

Jimmie McSweeney, president of the P. H. S. class of '24, last fall entered the University of Detroit, where he is taking a course in electrical engineering and getting term averages above 90. He is a member of the Engineering Society.

Dot Cain completed her two year course at Framingham Normal school in June and is now substituting in the local schools. Dot intends to continue teaching.

Frank Olsted is associated with his father in business.

Gabriel Lebinson has moved to New York with his family.

Francis Hickey is doing government work in Washington.

Rose Simkin is teaching grammar school in Colrain, Mass. Rose graduated last June from North Adams Normal school.

Elizabeth White completed her two year secretarial course at Boston University in June and is now working in the Editorial Department of the Berkshire Evening Eagle.



Our Suggestions

Winooski Banner, Winooski, Vt.—Your paper is very interesting. We like especially the way you present your "School Notes". They are snappy and to the point.

The Oracle, Abington, Penn.—We were glad to hear from you and hope that we may become better acquainted in the future. A remarkably fine paper for so small a town. Your material is unique in quality and presentation.

Orange Leaf, Orange, N. J.—Your Edison articles, snappy cuts, and cartoons impressed us very much, but we believe your magazine would be improved if it were made smaller and more compact. As it is, it is rather unwieldy.

The Cue, Albany, N. Y.—We were very much surprised to find that such a large and well written publication as "*The Cue*" should lack a literary department. Your hockey and basketball sections are well arranged and the cuts throughout are clever.

The Missile, Petersburg, Va.—Your literary department is certainly worthy of occupying the largest part of your magazine. Why not brighten the *Missile* up with a few cuts. As it is, it is rather barren.

Bennett Beacon, Buffalo, N. Y.—A fine magazine; one to be truly proud of. You have a larger variety of departments than any other exchange that we receive. The cover on the Valentine number was unusually good and the cuts in the interior were equally attractive.

The Lore, Lewiston, Penn.—*The Lore* is a magazine worthy of much praise and one that shows careful preparation. The exchange and poetry departments are the outstanding features in regard to presentation.

The Catamount, Bennington, Vt.—Your Vermont number was unusually interesting and we obtained much information as well as enjoyment from it. We suggest that cuts for the Alumni, Athletic, and Local Notes departments would add much to the appearance of your magazine.

The Red and Black, Claremont, N. H.—Your editorials are the distinctive feature in your magazine. We were interested in the fact that the late Mr. F. J. Moore, an alumnus of your school, was born in Pittsfield.

Brocktonia, Brockton, Mass. We think you have a very fine magazine, showing labor on the part of the staff and co-operation by the students. Your jokes are clever and well chosen.

Orange and Black, Middletown, Conn.—Your joke section is fine, full of original and truly humorous jokes. The Literary Department, which we consider should be one of the most important sections of the magazine, seems to occupy only a minor position in the *Orange and Black*.

Murdock Murmurs, Winchendon, Mass.—The literary department was the feature of your February issue. "A Trip To A Planet" was different from the average story and deserves recognition. What happened to the joke department? It was not up to standard.

Red and Gray, Fitchburg, Mass.—You have some clever authors and an equally fine staff; however, you need more poetry. Originality helps make the joke department a success. Come again.

The Holton, Danvers, Mass.—Your literary department certainly had some well written stories, especially "Silver Wings", which was interesting and well constructed. With such a number of good writers you should have more poetry.

The Mill Wheel, Pittsfield, Mass.—We must congratulate you on your fine material in the "Poetic Corner". An alumni department would be a wonderful addition to your paper.

Deerfield Arrow, Deerfield, Mass.—There is much valuable space wasted throughout your magazine that could be used advantageously. There are no cuts and the majority of the departments are too short. "Dottie's Diary" was original and interesting.

High School Herald, Westfield, Mass.—Lots of good material makes your rather small paper worthwhile. The cuts are exceedingly fine, and our only suggestion is that more stories be added to the literary department.

The Argus, Gardner, Mass.—You rank high in our estimation as a well balanced paper. The jokes were excellent and the manner in which you presented your exchanges was exceedingly well done.

The Noddler, Boston, Mass.—It is seldom that we find in a school publication a literary department of such length and excellence. Cuts for the headings of the various departments would be a valuable addition to the appearance of your paper.

The Arrow, Ridgewood, N. J.—The Faculty versus Students issue was very cleverly written. The "Books and Stage" department is an outstanding feature and we congratulate you on it.

Record, Boston, Mass.—The material is good but we feel that there is not enough distinction between the departments. "Personals" is original and witty as is also the "Who's and Which" page of cartoons, which is an asset to your journal.

Red and White, Rochester, N. H.—Though you lack athletic teams, you do not lack a school paper, but if you had teams of as high standard as the *Red and White*, they would surely be winners.

The Exponent, Greenfield, Mass.—You have a well balanced paper, but the crowding of the material makes the appearance of the *Exponent* poor.

Signal, Columbia, Tenn.—You have a good paper, but why not comment on exchanges received.

The Scroll, Toledo, Ohio—The material and appearance of your magazine is very fine and shows careful preparation on the part of all those concerned. The frontispiece cut "A Spring Garden" is very cleverly drawn.

The Item, Dorchester, Mass.—Your paper is very interesting from cover to cover. The literary department especially deserves praise.

The Albanian, Washington, D. C.—We admired your stories, but found that having no cuts at all in the *Albanian* you slip to a lower level than some small high schools. Why not publish the scores of your various games?

We also wish to acknowledge the following:

<i>Axis</i> , North Adams, Mass.	<i>Shycis</i> , Schenectady, N. Y.
<i>Clarion</i> , Fair Haven, Vt.	<i>Students' Review</i> , Northampton, Mass.
<i>Drury Academe</i> , North Adams, Mass.	<i>Observer</i> , Peabody, Mass.
<i>Kensington Distaff</i> , Philadelphia, Pa.	<i>Cedar Chest</i> , Toms River, N. J.
<i>Netop</i> , Turner Falls, Mass.	<i>Weather Vane</i> , Westfield, N. J.
<i>Owl</i> , Wellsville, N. Y.	<i>Keramos</i> , Boston, Mass.
<i>The Roman</i> , Rome, Ga.	<i>Taconic</i> , Williamstown, Mass.

George Beebe, Exchange Editor

Their Suggestions

The Student's Pen—We congratulate you on your poetry and "The Book Lover's Corner".—*Red and Gray*, Fitchburg, Mass.

The Student's Pen—Your alumni and exchange columns are especially well developed. It is a joy to exchange with you.—*Brocktonia*, Brockton, Mass.

The Student's Pen—All I can say is that whoever drew your cuts certainly knew how!—*The Lore*, Lewiston, Penn.

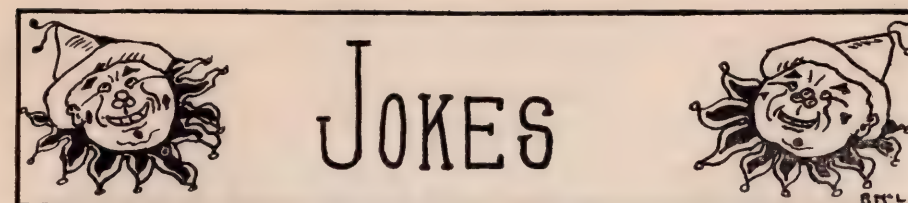
The Student's Pen—A good paper in every respect, showing that there are surely some poets in your school.—*The Catamount*, Bennington, Vt.

The Student's Pen—The magazine from "The Heart of the Berkshires" is pleasing to read. Your stories are well written, but seem somewhat childish. "The Book Lover's Corner" is an outstanding feature and will certainly help anyone looking for an interesting book to read.—*The Albanian*, Washington, D. C.

The Student's Pen—And so you live in the hill country, do you? Your literary department, especially your poetry, fairly breathes the high, pure atmosphere of the mountains. Your fiction and athletic departments are very well developed. *The Scroll* liked especially Merrill Tabor's articles on account of their dash of professionalism. It is interesting to the students as well as a compliment to your teacher, so publish her autobiography.—*The Scroll*, Toledo, Ohio.

The Student's Pen—The cover on your December issue was original and unique. Your departments were all carefully planned and well arranged. We certainly did like to read your exchanges. They were written in such a way as to make them interesting to all readers. The cuts were very well done all the way through.—*The Exponent*, Greenfield, Mass.

The Student's Pen—Yours is a perfect commencement issue. That sign, Patronize your Advertisers, is unparalleled. We extend to you our deep sympathy for your loss of so talented a writer and editor-in-chief as Marion Harlow Bastow.—*Red and White*, Rochester, N. H.



Pen Points

It: "What is a pretzel?"

Is: "That's a doughnut that died while doing the Black Bottom."

* * * *

Campbell: "Dad, I need a new hat."

Dad: "But you always go without your hat."

Campbell: "Yes, but I must have a new hat to go without."

* * * *

Boss: "That new clerk you have seems to be a steady fellow."

Hoss: "Yes, if he were any steadier, he would be absolutely motionless."

* * * *

Teacher: "Willie, if you had two apples, a big one and a small one, and your brother asked you for one, which one would you give him?"

Willie: "Do you mean my big brother or my little brother?"

: * * * *

W. Mahon (Late for St. Joseph's game): "What's the score?"

J. Killeen: "Nothing to nothing."

W. Mahon: "Good, I haven't missed anything."

* * * *

He (At lawn party): "Do you mind if I smoke?"

She: "I don't care if you burn up."

* * * *

Salesman: "May I read your Palm, Olive?"

Saleslady: "Not on your Life, Buoy."

Salesman: "Then I'm out of Lux."

* * * *

Miss Morris (On discovering a split infinitive in a bulletin): "Who split this infinitive? Did you?"

Young Innocent: "No ma'am."

Miss Morris: "Did the stenographer?"

Same Innocent: "No ma'am; Mr. Strout did."

Miss Morris: "Perfectly done and beautifully written."

* * * *

Forgetful: "Do you spell your name with an 'i' or an 'e'?"

Forgotten: "With an 'i', my name is Hill."

* * * *

Miss Waite: "Who was Samuel Johnson's father?"

Mackie: "Zachary Taylor."

* * * *

D. Dellert: "I can't seem to remember the words to that new song."

V. Mitchell: "That's fine. Now all you have to do to make everybody happy, is to forget the tune."

WELCOME DEATH

"Throw up your hands, I'm going to shoot you!"

"What for?"

"I always said that if I ever met a man homelier than I, I'd kill him."

"Am I homelier than you?"

"You certainly are."

"Then go ahead and shoot."

* * * *

Judge: "Sir, you are fined ten dollars for contempt of court."

Prisoner: "Judge, ten dollars wouldn't show my contempt for your court. Here's twenty dollars."

* * * *

"Money talks, but it never gives itself away."

* * * *

J. Condron: "Say, waiter, is this an incubator chicken?"

Waiter: "I dunno, why?"

J. Condron: "Well, anything that had a mother could never grow up to be as tough a bird as this."

* * * *

Sonny: "Dad, will you help me with these examples?"

Old Gent: "Sure. What are they?"

Sonny: "Aw, we have to find the greatest common divisor."

Old Gent: "Gosh, haven't they found that thing yet? They were looking for it when I was a boy."

* * * *

"Dusty" Rhodes: "Would you rather lose your life or your money?"

Sandy McTavish: "My life. I'm saving my money for my old age."

* * * *

'Don' Hebert: "I answered a question in class today."

'Oz' Merrill: "What answer did you give?"

'Don' Hebert: "Present!"

* * * *

Archie's sprouting an eyebrow,
Beneath his Roman beak;
He's getting it on the installment plan,
A little down each week.

* * * *

M. Flynn (Over the phone): "Hello."

Voice: "Hello, is 'Boo' there?"

M. Flynn: "'Boo', who?"

Voice: "Don't cry, little girl, I must have the wrong number."

* * * *

B. Jaffe: "Has the florist any children?"

E. Gray: "Yes, a daughter, a budding genius; and a son, a blooming idiot."

* * * *

Simple: "Is this the same razor you used on me yesterday?"

Simon: "Yes."

Simple: "Then give me gas."

STUDENTS

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Amazement gave way to despair, and at last, sinking exhausted on the cold pavement, he gasped:

"My Gosh, I'm walled in."

* * * *

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Bill: "What bride is the date on?"



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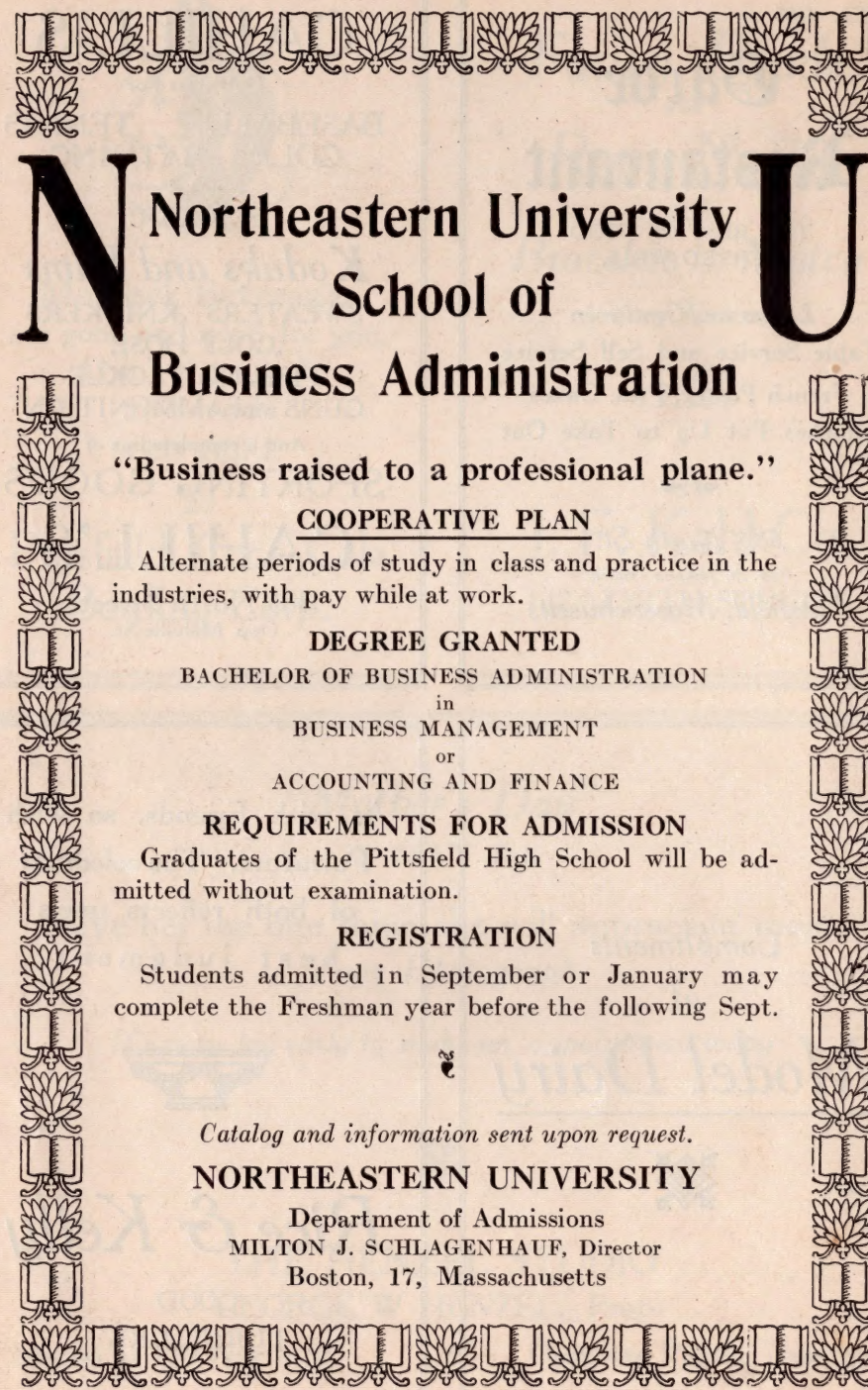


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The Students' Pen

April, 1927